THE PHÆNIX

HER

Arrival & Welcome

TO

ENGLAND.

It being an Epithalamy on the Marriage of the KINGS Moſt Excellent Majeſty with the Moſt Royal and Moſt Illuſtrious *DONNA KATHARINA* Of *PORTUGAL.*

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WOnders get Wonders, and their glorious Birth
Increaſe new numbers both in Heav'n and Earth;
Though *Charles* the Firſt this preſent Age did call
A Mirrour, and a Miracle to all;
Yet 'twas the top and height of his Renown
He got ſo brave a Prince to heir his Crown;
And 'tis the Joy and Honour of his Son
To trace thoſe Glories *Charles* the Firſt had done;
To his Renown it was he did advance
The Engliſh Lyons with the Flow'rs of *France*,

And to the Honours of his Son we all
Aſcribe this Marriage made with *Portugal.*
Great *CHARLES* the Second, who is King of Hearts
And King of Arms, as well as King of Arts,
To bleſs this Nation by a Knot divine
Is married to the matchleſs *KATHARINE.*
Great *CHARLES* the Second whom Fames Trumpet rings
To be the Wonder and Delight of Kings,
Is joyn'd to Her whom Heav'ns rich Mint did coyne
For *Englands* Queen, the Noble *KATHARINE.*
Great *CHARLES* the Second, Second unto none
In Goodneſs, Greatneſs, and Religion,
Hath met a Noble Parallel, whoſe Line
Anſwers His own, the Accompliſh'd *KATHARINE.*
Great *CHARLES* the Second, like another Sun
Whoſe radiant Glories through all *Europe* run,
Hath choſe One with Him in His Orbe to ſhine
Bright as Himſelf, the Beauteous *KATHARINE.*
But ſince the Courſe of Heav'n and Nature ſhuns
The levelling Splendour of two equal Suns;
Therefore their Rival Luſtres to attone,
Wedlock hath ty'd theſe Sacred Lights in one:
And now ſince *Venus* is new joyn'd to *Mars*,
Be they the Envy of all other Stars;
Let them on Earth of Bleſſings find ſuch ſtore,
Till Earth can ask, or Heav'n ſcarce grant them more.
Loe where that *Tagus* who but lately roll'd
His glittering waters intermixt with Gold,
And proudly flowing with a vain Deſire
In his own Channels did himſelf admire,
Now pale with Grief, he his own Joyes diſclaimes,
To ſee his Glories in the lap of *Thames*;
His richeſt treaſure, and more precious far,
More pure in ſubſtance, and in ſhow more fair,
Then all the glory of the weighty Oare
That ſhines in ſpangles on his wealthy ſhore,

Is now (tranſported) from fair *Lisbon* come,
This Iſle to make the Queen of Chriſtendome.
See where ſhe comes her Beauties do adorn,
And lend new ſplendors to the bluſhing Morn,
The Vigour of her rays, which conquering flyes,
Dazzles the Sun to look upon her eyes;
There needs no Ribbands to adorn her hair,
The laughing Stars in knots are radiant there.
The Graces are her Uſhers, and do ſtrow
Roſes before her where ſo e're ſhe go,
And a long train of Virtues hand in hand
In Order all behind her do attend.
No ſooner ſhipp'd for *England*, ſhe ſet ſail,
But *Neptune* ſent forth a tempeſtuous Gale,
When loe her Beauties i'th Seas higheſt Rage
Soon ſtrook a Calm, and did their wrath aſſwage.
At which loud *Triton* did his ſuit prefer
To entertain him for her Trumpetter,
And many a Mermaid did attend upon her
And humbly crav'd to be her Maids of Honour;
The Dolphins near her ſhoal'd, and with their train
Swept the ſalt foame, and cut the curled Main;
So great the Tumult, one might well ſuppoſe
From Love, not Rage, the late high Tempeſt roſe;
The Waves t'enjoy her ſight no pains did ſpare
To leap into the Element of Air,
The Air to bear ſo fair a burden fain,
Would change it's place and nature with the Main,
Whiles Winds that ſtruggled who ſhould moſt have crown'd her
So ſinn'd in Zeal, that they almoſt had drown'd her.
And now arriv'd, Saint *Michaels* Mount muſt be
The place of Fame, where happy Deſtinie
Decree'd that firſt this Princeſs ſhould be found
To plant her foot upon the Engliſh Ground.
Now all things ſmil'd, and did conſpire outright
To mingle Royal Greatneſs with Delight;

The Month is *May*, and the dreſs'd Spring doth ſtand
In all it's pride to welcome her to land.
Here having taken ſome days reſt to eaſe
Her Body weary of the churliſh Seas,
A winged Grove of Frigots doth convay
Her Sexes Glory unto *Portſmouths* Bay:
Here did our Fears caſt Anchor, to implore
The Pilots Conduct on the Seas no more;
Now Bon-fires heat the Air, Healths drench the Earth,
Portſmouth the Center, and the Stage of Mirth;
Some uſe their tongues, and ſpeak their Mirth in Fancies,
Others their feet, and tread their Joys in Dances:
Now Youth, and Beauty, State, and Pomp do greet,
And Peace and Plenty walk in every Street,
And from above, Heav'ns Bleſſings more t'unfold,
It hails down Pearls, and rains down riguous Gold.
Portſmouth's the place where firſt His Majeſtie
His Royal Spouſe Queen *Katharine* muſt ſee;
For though 'twas *Cornwal* to the Queen did bring
The happy ſight of *England*, yet the King
(But when her Picture did preſent the ſame)
Ne're ſaw his Queen till ſhe to *Portſmouth* came.
The holy knot was ty'd here in a bleſt
And ſolemn Marriage, here the King poſſeſt
Earth pure as Heaven, and ſtain'd with no Alloy,
Braganzaes Glories, and *Terezaes* Joy.
Now like two glorious Lamps may their Flames riſe
Pure, and erect, until they touch the Skies;
May their rich ſplendour be by Age more bright,
And grace the World with their United Light;
May their Loves be a Sacrifice t'attone
Their Peoples Rage, and make their hearts but one:
May the Church flouriſh in her Truth, and Train,
And be as white as Innocence again:
May thoſe who ſcorn'd us in our late diſtreſs
Now fear, and wonder at our Happineſs;

May every Street, and every Countreys Green
Ring with the Trophies of our King and Queen;
And may the thunder of their Armes chaſtiſe
And judge 'twixt all both Friends and Enemies,
T'advance the Good, and humble thoſe are Fierce,
And give new Laws unto the Univerſe.

FINIS.